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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

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Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.

THE LADY WITH THE GUN.

HER NAME IS VIOLET CRAIG AND SHE IS HAPPY WHEN PLAYING A WESTERN CHARACTER.



RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, October 18, 1902.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Anna Ward has signed with Dinkins' Utopians.

Dave Barry has taken the management of the
Dewey Music Hall, at Utica, N. Y.Wall and Wilson are with the "A Honolulu
Queen" Company as special feature.Chas. Merritt and May Rozella open on the
Feltz circuit shortly, with other good work to follow.Walter Stetson will play only engagements in
and near New York city during the month of October.Valentine Prentiss has been engaged as advance
agent for the Lippincott & Carlisle Operatic Vaudeville
Company.The Gaspard Brothers are with the Quinlan &
Wall Imperial Minstrels, as one of the leading features
of the olio.The Vernon Sisters (Amelia and Cathleen),
after a summer's vacation, will be seen in vaudeville
this season.Louis M. Granat, the whistler, will retire
from stage life and will manage Marcy's Casino, North
Bergen, N. J.Eleanor Revere, late of the Revere Sisters, is
working with George Cunningham, with the Topsey
Turvy Company.The Irwin Sisters and Prof. J. W. Irwin have
closed a season of twelve weeks at Geo. C. Tilyou's
Steepchase Park.Lem Benedict is the interlocutor with Vogel's
Big Minstrels, a position that is entirely new to him,
and is managing the stage.The Mitchells will hereafter be known as the
Three Funny Mitchells, and are a special feature with
the Bennett & Moulton Company.The Gordon Sisters have finished their sum-
mer work, and are with the Oriental Burlesquers, do-
ing their bag punching and boxing act.The Ted Sparks Amusement Company is the
name of a new booking company which has lately
been organized at Kansas City, Mo., by Ted Sparks.Irene La Tour, with her dog, Zaza, has again
been engaged as a special feature for forty weeks with
Chas. H. Yale's spectacular production of "The Devil's
Auction."Lillian Segur, in her novel electrical dances,
joined Clark's Metropolitan Players at Cambridge, O.
Her act consists of fire dances, for which scenery and
properties are carried.Violet Hilson, soubrette, who appeared in the
"Peck's Bad Boy" Company last season, is starting
with the same company this season, under the man-
agement of Will St. Auburn.Phil and Carrie Russell, with Jim and Sam,
the dog pickaninnies, have closed a summer season of
twelve weeks of parks through New Jersey, Pennsylv-
ania and over the Boom circuit.Lew Dockstader has entered into a contract
with Klaw & Erlanger whereby he will be under the
management of this firm for a term of years, and will
head a large company in a musical piece to be written
by John J. McNally.Smith and Blanchard will not take out their
company until November, opening at Plymouth,
Mass., and featuring La Petite Amella, in illustrated
songs, and carrying a company of ten people, giving a
straight vaudeville show.

BELLES OF MASSACHUSETTS

FOR PHYSICAL REASONS

SWELL THE CHORUS RANKS

A Howl is Going up From Lynn Because All of the Beauties
are Turning to the Giddy Stage.

THE PRIMA DONNA AND THE FOOTBALL SUIT.

It Was Sent to Her by Some Gay and Festive College Boys of Ithaca, Who
Requested Her to Wear It--She Will.The busy town of Lynn, Mass., is slowly but surely
being depopulated of the pretty girls for which it was
once famous, and for some time past the "real belles"
have been leaving.The people there want the maids to sit at a bench all
day and make shoes. This does not strike them as
being a good way to do.Two stern faced men have set out from Lynn with
gyves upon their wrists to bring young chorus persons
back to their distressed hamlet. There are not enough
girls in Lynn to make a quorum at the weekly meet-
ings of the local branch of Sorosis.

Lynn runs along the coast for about a mile toward

package was accompanied by the following letter:

"DEAR MISS ---: If you can see your way clear to
being a Cornell girl during your engagement in Ithaca,
wear the inclosed suit. It was worn last year by our
quarterback, and the gore on the trousers was shed by
Pennsylvania. Have the suit altered to fit you, and
we will give you the send-off of your life when you
arrive. Faithfully, THE STUDENTS."

The lady says she will wear the suit.

When the cheerful little soubrette signs her contract
to go on the road the smallest part of her work in get-

Photo by White, New York.

BERTHA GLEESON.

Champion Woman Buck Dancer, Adorned with Her Police Gazette Medal, who is
Now on Tour with the "Hunting for Hawkins" Company.Swampscott, but avoids Boston as much as possible.
Railroads run across the street without any more
warning than a bell, and the principal occupation of
the natives is eating clams. It is from these diversions
that the girls have torn themselves.When a girl in Lynn has \$13 she goes to Boston;
when she saves up \$30 she comes to New York. All
the girls in Lynn do not make shoes. Some of them
go down to the depot when the Able Bodied Burlesquers
or the Hurrah Comedy Company come to town and
look for a job with the show. Nine times out of ten
they get it, and the following day there is another
vacancy in one of the shoe mills.In one of the New York shows there are eleven girls
from Lynn, Mass., in the chorus, and the same town
contributes a soubrette.A diminutive messenger boy, carrying a package,
rapped at the prima donna's dressing room door."Here's somethin' for you," he howled, and he
shoved it through the aperture, while the prima
donna's voice was heard:"Don't let him in, Lizette. You know I'm not
dressed."In the package was a small football costume, includ-
ing jersey, trousers, stockings and nose protector. The

SUPPLEMENTS FOR FRAMING

Large half-tone pictures of the champion boxers,
famous athletes and actresses. Choice of six for 50c.
POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Franklin Sq., N. Y. City.days customers insist on cash, certainly where the
person is not a star or a performer of prominence.
There are wigs, silk tights, shoes, gloves, hats and
lingerie to be purchased; and audiences now expect to
see Paris, or at least Fifth Avenue styles on the stage.Consequently the final days in town are attended
with much agony, and unless the young woman has
good friends whom she can appeal to, she will be well
nigh distracted over her position.It is a well known fact that women have a greater
hesitancy in asking managers to advance them money
than the actor man has. A woman in most cases
arrives at the weeping and forlorn stage before she will
tell her plight to her new employer or those in the
same company. However, as the moment of depart-
ure draws near she gets desperate and very likely a
few hours before train time she will summon enough
courage to approach the manager.In nine cases out of ten she gets the money she
needs, and then her trouble changes to almost hyster-
ical delight. First she rushes to the stores to get things
she needs; then back to her boarding house to jam and
ram her purchases into her trunk for which the ex-
pressman is waiting. On the way to the depot she
calls at her "Uncle's" for what jewelry she can release;
and her final act on the station platform is to kiss
mother and squeeze a bank note into her hand.The comedian will probably have to tear the mother
and daughter apart, and almost carry the latter up the
steps just as the train moves.She rushes to the open window to throw kisses to
"mommer," and then sits down and cries.The average little soubrette is not the worst little
woman in the world.The soubrette had hired a new cook. She was new--
there was no doubt about it. Ice in summer was new
to her, too, and she was surprised beyond measure
when the loaman brought in a big cake of frozen water
and placed it in the refrigerator. The loaman saw she
was new and gave her the proper directions for keep-
ing the ice cool. The absurdity of wrapping a thing up
to keep it cool appealed strongly to her, and she
devised a newer and a better way to prevent rapid
melting. She took it out of the icebox and placed it in
the dishpan where the cooling breeze could blow
upon it.The next day the soubrette directed her to prepare
some ice water without telling her how to do it. She
puzzled her brains over the problem for some time,
chopping up some of the ice meanwhile. She finally
called for help."The ice won't melt fast enough, Misses. Shall I
ble it?"Her downfall came the third day, and was due to her
unfamiliarity with watermelons. She carefully re-
moved the inside, cooking and serving the remainder
a la squash."Oh, yes do quare things in this country," she said,
when called to account. "The lasht place I worruked
I cut th' tops off o' some shuff yez called sparrowgrass
an' biled it, an' they said that was wrong, too. Good
day to yez.""Pru, dear, I am very angry with you for throwing
that slipper out of the window. It was the mate of the
one that Prince Bowels drank from."As a result of the absent mindedness of a well-known
comedian, a pretty girl shed tears for over two hours,
while a lovelorn young man ran his hands through his
hair and bit his finger nails half to pieces. A clergyman
grew impatient and muttered clerical oaths under his
breath, while parents, guests and all others fumed and
fretted, and heaped maledictions on the head of the
young manager.It seems that the comedian has a niece in vaudeville
who thinks that he is the real thing. So when this niece
accepted the tender of a man's hand, and his broad
shoulders to bear her burdens through life, she said
that she wanted Uncle to be the next real thing to the
bridegroom at the wedding."You give me away, Uncle," she said, pillowing her
fair head on his chest, "only don't say anything mean.""I will not, pet," responded Uncle, tickled half to
death at the trust and affection displayed by the
charming girl.So it was arranged that when the minister should
ask "Who gives this girl in marriage?" Uncle was
to step forward, attired in evening clothes, and reply
in clear, ringing tones, "I do."The wedding was set for 7:30 o'clock, but it so
happened that a game of hearts started in the green-
room of a certain Broadway theatre that afternoon at
5, and Uncle got into the game. It was one of
those games where the lines of your hands presage
severe financial misfortune if you turn aside your head
to exhortate.The game went merrily on, nor was heed given to
the fleeting moments. The great clock in the hall
struck out the hours and the half hours, but only such
cries as "By Gum, I've got the ace of hearts," and
"Gosh, but I knew I've have to fall to that," were
heard, until finally one of the bell boys rushed into
the room, and shouted to the comedian, "your niece tele-
phones from Harlem that she wants to get married,
and asks if you please won't get a gait on.""Gol darn it, fellers," said Uncle, rising from the
table, and throwing away the king, queen, jack and
ten spot of hearts as he spoke, "the interruption was
most opportune. I'm to give my niece away in wed-
lock to-night. What time is it?"None of the gentlemen present had a watch, the
Summer having been long and thirsty, but the buttons
informed the comedian that it was 8:45."And to think that I should have kept Pettie wait-
ing," remarked Uncle, guiltily. "Has any one got a
dress suit I can borrow?"The leading man thought his suit might be had, and
it was. Half an hour later Uncle was speeding in a
carriage to the home of his niece. When he reached
there her orange blossoms, he discovered, had been
kept fresh by her tears. The guests and the clergyman
regarded him with haughty displeasure, but he bore
up bravely, gave the bride away, ate some of the cake,
kissed her good-by as she went away with hubby, and
then returned to the interrupted game of hearts, finish-
ing the evening thirty cents to the good.

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One dollar pays for thirteen weeks subscription
to POLICE GAZETTE, which insures your getting both
the paper and the supplement every week.

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED---In Character or Uniform---FOR PUBLICATION IN POLICE GAZETTE

HALF A WESTERN CITY

EXCITED BY NUMEROUS RUMORS

BET IN BIG POKER GAME

Book Was Made by the Sports on Two Pat Hands Which Were Considered Invincible.

THOUSANDS IN WAGERS BET BY FRIENDS.

The Two Players Put Their Cards in Sealed Envelopes While They Went Out and Hustled For More Money.

A sporting man from the West, who is now in the East making a little on the ponies, is responsible for this story which he unloaded at the Metropole the other night:

"There was a poker game in my town not long ago that might have forced a good many of us to smoke

until the morning and getting another bundle on that mess of yours, with the limit taken off."

"That's what I was about to suggest," said Caldwell. "So they abandoned the game for the night, each man depositing his hand, still sealed up in its envelope, with the police sergeant on duty, the name of each man on the envelope containing his hand."

"Now, all of this happened without anybody knowing anything about it except the four players who had started the game. But the next day the whole city department was next. Caldwell came to me and told me, after asking me to pass my word that I wouldn't give it away what his hand contained, and said that if I wanted to make a little side bet on it there was a book running on the outcome at one of the cafes patronized by city officials. I went there, and, sure enough, there was a regular betting game going on as to the relative merits of Caldwell's and Carter's hands."

"Carter had put his friends next to what he had in his hand, after exacting from them the promise that they wouldn't give away its make-up, and the Carter party looked every bit as confident as the Caldwell party. Now, the Caldwell hand was almost unbeatable, and I took that end of it to a much larger extent than I'd care to have my constituents know, although they aren't finical in these matters, at that. I just played Caldwell for a world-beater on that hand of his, and got even money from the Councilmen, police officials and city employees who took the Carter end of it."

"That's the way the betting went—even money and take your pick—and every man to whom Caldwell and Carter had revealed his hand kept his word and held onto the secret of the hand he knew about."

"During the day the word about those two hands got all around town among sporting men, politicians and all sorts of people inclined to take a chance, and I'd be afraid to state just how much money must have been put up on the result. Both Caldwell and Carter had dug up \$300 or \$400 apiece to bet on their respective hands, and the sealed hands were to be opened publicly in the cafe where the betting was going on that night."

"Every man interested in the opening of the two envelopes was on hand that night when the result was to be made known. At the appointed time Caldwell and Carter stepped to the table whereon the two sealed envelopes rested and Caldwell, producing a five-dollar bill, laid it down and said:

"Five more."

"Carter produced his five and said: 'I call you.' All of us Caldwellites were on Caldwell's side of the table and we weren't particularly excited when the envelope was opened, for we knew that Caldwell's hand was a sequence flush of hearts, from nine to king. But the Carter gang on the other side of the table set up a yell as the cards were laid on the table one after another."

"At first, so great was their shouting, we thought we were beat, but when we heard the yell, 'It's a stand-off,' we knew that we'd be able to draw down our money, anyway. The cat was out of the bag before Carter's envelope was opened and we knew that he had a sequence flush of diamonds, from nine to king."

"Of course, the usual number of cronkers, who always maintain that one suit in a case like that beats another, tried to get in their work, but it didn't go. All of the purses were split and the game was declared no contest."

"That was probably the biggest poker game, in point of the number of men engaged in it, ever played in this country, and perhaps as much money was wagered on the outcome of that showdown as ever was skated to the cent. Of the baize in the biggest of Mississippi River poker games."

RICE AND MYERS DRAW.

Austin Rice, of New London, Conn., and Sammy Myers, of New York, fought twenty rounds to a draw on Sept. 22 before the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of Baltimore, Md. Both men were in good condition and put up a clever exhibition. Neither of the fighters received any severe punishment. One round was a repetition of the other, and honors were even.

Rice in the first part of the game played for Myers' wind, and landed some good stiff punches. At intervals he sent right and left hooks to the jaw, which Myers cleverly blocked. Sammy used his right on Rice's jaw, but the blows had little or no effect.

FOUGHT IN PRIVATE.

The absence of any law to regulate boxing in this State has resulted in a great many battles in private. A recent one in which the principals journeyed over the river to Montclair, N. J., was attended by a large number of sports. The contestants were Buckston and Harry Mack.

The first four rounds were hotly contested with

CUT RATES IN SPORTING BOOKS

You can have your choice of two for 25 cents, "Life of James J. Corbett," "American Champions," "Black Champions," "Life of John L. Sullivan,"

honors about even. After fighting for one minute and fifty seconds in the fifth round Mack landed a blow that dislocated his hand, and being unable to continue Buckston was given the decision.

Another fight is to be arranged as soon as Mack recovers from his injury.

Our Halftone Photos.

Jack is a handsome specimen of a shepherd dog and is owned by R. P. Bolter of New York city.

Elberon, Iowa, has a game cock which is owned by A. R. Fox, and is the winner of five battles and is always heavily backed.

Robert B. Babcock is a popular boniface of Cleveland, O., and holds forth at the Three Stars Hotel. He is well posted on sporting matters.

Elizabeth, N. J., has a crack boxer in Jack Daly, who is considered a comer in the featherweight division and has fought many creditable battles.

An amateur baseball club with a creditable record is the Sherwood Club, of Buffalo, N. Y. They can always be depended upon to put up a good game.

Fritzie Kappelman is a clever little bag puncher of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has many admirers who predict a bright future for the youthful athlete.

Tommy Ducey is the owner of a handsome billiard parlor and buffet at 385 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis. He is a sporting man of note and a backer of many well-known boxers.

Al W. Pape, whose address is the Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., is the champion oarsman of the Pacific Coast. He has won thirty-eight first prizes. He is also a crack runner and swimmer.

C. P. Miller is a well-known comedian of Richmond, Va., who does a fine tramp act in which boxing is introduced and is meeting with great success in Southern vaudeville. He has many inviting offers for next season.

Chas. E. Stutzman, the phenomenal baritone singer, now touring the United States with Gorton's Minstrels, is a feature of that organization, which he first joined three years ago and met with great success throughout the country.

Wenona, the champion rifle shot, needs no introduction to patrons of vaudeville. She has appeared in all the principal theatres throughout the country meeting with success, and is the possessor of many handsome trophies as evidence of her ability.

The South Broadway Athletic Club, located at 611 Geyer street, St. Louis, Mo., is equipped with up-to-date athletic paraphernalia and has a membership of seventy-five. It is an ideal training quarters and can boast of several clever wrestlers and boxers among its members.

Bonheur Brothers are the proprietors of a mammoth circus, which employs many people and are known from Maine to California. In this issue is shown a midnight banquet of the concert people connected with the circus. It was taken while the big tent is loading for an overland drive.

Ed. Gelsenheimer, of Port Jervis, N. Y., popularly known as "Jovial Eddy," is one of the best known men on the Erie Railroad. The Clarendon Hotel, which he owns, is the most popular place in Port Jervis. Mr. Gelsenheimer is an amusement

THIS HONEYMOON

ON SMALL BOAT

ENDED IN DEATH

Courts Declare Capt. Andrews and Wife Legally Dead.

SAILED IN TINY CRAFT.

Haven't Been Heard From or Sighted for Almost a Year.

The courts of Massachusetts have decided that Capt. W. A. Andrews and his wife, who sailed on October 6, 1901, from Atlantic City for Palos, Spain, are legally dead.

Capt. Andrews gained a world-wide reputation by crossing the Atlantic several times in his "cockle shell" boats. His awful experience in the twelve-foot boat, Dorcas, in which he sailed from Atlantic City on June 18, 1899, for Liverpool, was sufficient to daunt a less brave man.

A handsome girl of Norristown, Pa., wanted to go with him, but she backed out at the last moment. It was well for her that she did for on July 12 the steamer Holbein picked Captain Andrews up off the Newfoundland Banks. His boat had encountered very stormy weather and the captain, who had been afraid to risk closing his eyes once for several days, was taken aboard the Holbein in a semi-demented condition. In spite of his pleadings the Dorcas was cut adrift and Captain Andrews was taken to Liverpool, where he arrived on July 17. The Dorcas was never heard of again.

When he got the Dark Secret ready he advertised for a wife and was deluged with answers. He finally selected a charming young Philadelphia who had been a hospital nurse. He was sixty years old and she less than half.

He popped the question and they were married on one of the Atlantic City piers on Aug. 18, 1901, by the Mayor.

Their honeymoon was to be spent on the Dark Secret, the measurements of which were as follows: Thirteen feet long, seven feet beam and four feet deep. She was lateen rigged, had 300 pounds of lead under her keel, was covered with canvas painted black and looked like a huge coffin.

Mrs. Captain Andrews personally superintended the stowing away of the compact supply of provisions under the false bottom, under the stern and in the side lockers of their boat. Their food supply consisted of forty-seven half gallon bottles of water and sufficient cans of soups, malted tablets, beans, turkeys and chickens, potted meats and condensed milk to last for sixty days.

The probable end is told in the report of Captain Walter Leach, of the schooner Myrtle, who sighted,



Photo by Klein & Guttenstein, Milwaukee.

TOMMIE DUCEY.

Noted Milwaukee Sporting Man who Owns a Fine Buffet and Billiard Parlor.

cob pipes until the beginning of snow time if it hadn't turned out the way it did. A pretty fair-sized percentage of the down-town population was more or less mixed up in the outcome of the show-down, and the number of pikers who stood to go broke was remarkable.

"The game started between a quartette of newspaper men—night police reporters. They'd been in the habit of starting a small game every night, after the bulk of their work was done, in the room set aside for newspaper men at police headquarters. They didn't hurt each other much in these games, although once in a while one of them, when the limit had been recklessly raised around pay day to as high as a quarter, succeeded in annexing most of the wages of the other three. There wasn't more than \$10 among the four of them on this night, though, and the game drifted along without any sensational plays for an hour or so. Then Charlie Caldwell—which is close enough to the police reporter's name—opened a jackpot for ten cents and the only man in the bunch who stayed was George Carter—which is a sufficiently close stab to his real name."

"Caldwell's hand shook a little when he surveyed his cards, for he never was a licensed poker player, being unable to control his facial expression and conduct at critical points of the game. And Carter, who in a game of poker generally exhibited the countenance of a cigar store Indian, looked a bit flustered himself when he scanned the five in his bunch. The two players who had dropped out looked at him with some curiosity."

"Both stood pat, and then, by ten cent bounds—a dime being the limit—they both bet all the money they had. Then they each borrowed all the money that the pair of dead ones—the two who had dropped out—possessed—each man getting half, share and share alike. Then they bet that. When it came time for a show-down Caldwell said to Carter:

"Charles, I've got a hand here that's worth more than the little coin we've got to bet to-night. Is that the way you look upon your fistful?"

"Precisely," replied Carter.

"Well," said Caldwell, "what's the matter with both of us sealing our hands up in envelopes and leaving them here on the table in the custody of these fellows, while we go out and gather in more coin? I don't mind telling you that I've got you beat to a standstill, but you are acting in such a sassy way in coming back at me that I don't feel much like going light on you."

"Don't let a little thing like that worry you," replied Carter. "I've been ploughing around trying to get on your trail for a proper killing for some time past, and now that I've got you in the trench I'm going to throw the clods on top of you."

"So the two hands were duly sealed up and Caldwell and Carter went their respective ways to get money. Each got \$50, and they came back and bet that without opening the envelopes."

"Do you want to make it a call?" Carter asked then, "or do you want to impoverish your family by waiting



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

SANTORO.

The Exceptionally Able Eccentric Tramp Artist and His Charming Young Assistant.

caterer as well, as he has a music hall in connection with his hotel and has played the best people in the business such as Weber & Fields, Rogers Brothers, Lew Bloom, Polly Holmes, Postell and Emmett, Nellie and John McCarty, the Weston Musical Team, the Hogan Brothers and the Howard Sisters. This is his twenty-eighth year behind the bar, and he is the oldest hotel man in Port Jervis doing business to-day.

Charles Schlegel, of Wurtemberg, is a weight lifter and Greco-Roman wrestler, as is A. Bechhusen. The remarkable physical condition of these men is a tribute to the skill of Prof. Attila, whose studio is at 1381 Broadway, New York. Attila leads all masters in physical culture, as the list of his famous pupils will show.

far out at sea, during the month of November, a boat drifting bottom up, and similar in build to the one in which Captain and Mrs. Andrews had sailed.

A NEW JERSEY BOXER.

[WITH PHOTO.]

"Kid" Adams is a good bantamweight and is desirous of meeting anyone in his class. He has many admirers in New Jersey and many predict that he will some day be a champion.

FIGHTING DOGS

Can be trained by anybody who owns "The Dog Pit," published by Richard K. Fox. It costs twenty-five cents, but it's worth more.

Invaluable to Tonsorialists. BARBER'S BOOK OF RECIPES. 25c. The Best Publication of its Kind



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

ALINE VINCENT.

SHE IS ONE OF THE MOST BEWITCHING ACTRESSES AT THE SAM T. JACK THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILL.



Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.

VIOLA KRAFT.

THE PARISIAN BELLES BURLESQUE COMPANY HAS HER, AND SHE'S ENTITLED TO STAGE CENTRE.



Photo by Burr McIntosh, New York.

THE GIRL IN BLUE.

CHARMING Mlle. DE LEON WHO IS A STAR IN HER OWN BURLESQUE COMPANY THIS SEASON.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

A GREAT PAIR.

THEY ARE BILLED AS NORRIS AND LEVOY AND THEIR SPECIALTY IS CHARACTER IMPERSONATIONS.



GUARDING HER WEALTH.

WENONA, THE CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT, SHOWING THAT SHE IS FULLY ABLE TO PROTECT HER ENORMOUS SALARY.



CHAS. E. STUTZMAN.
PHENOMENAL BARITONE SOLOIST FEATURED
WITH GORTON'S MINSTRELS.



C. P. MILLER.

A CLEVER COMEDIAN OF RICHMOND, VA.,
WITH A VERY GOOD ACT.



FRITZIE KAPPELMAN.

THIS LITTLE BROOKLYN BAG PUNCHER
IS AN EXPERT.



AFTER THE SHOW.

THE CONCERT PEOPLE OF BONHEUR BROTHERS' SHOW BUSY WITH A LITTLE LUNCH
WHILE THE BIG TENTS WERE BEING PULLED DOWN.

HOW THE OLD PUGILIST

BACK IN HIS HOME TOWN

PULLED OFF A LITTLE BOUT

He Taught a Tough Rolling Mill Man How to Punch and Then He Proceeded to Make a Match.

EASY MONEY FOR HIM, BUT THE CROWD KICKED.

The Husky Mill Hand, After Getting a Few Jabs in the Nose, Forgot His Science and Threw His Opponent Out of the Ring.

"I'm not complaining," said the old pugilist. "I had my day. It was a little longer than the average in this business, and I did save some of the dollars that came my way, though that wasn't the rule.

"So now I sit in the back row and feel contented most of the time. But when I read about the big fellows of the present shying at an offer of \$40,000 for a few punches back and forth, I do regret these gray hairs.

"Easy money? We would have thought so twenty years ago. It would have been to the ringside on the run for ours. But what used to be a big dose of coin is now a small pill.

"We got little money that we didn't earn by taking and giving punches that meant black eyes, broken noses and tin ears. At that we were lucky if the lawyers didn't get the whole purse for keeping us out of jail for breaking the law as well as the other fellow's face.

"To be honest, though, once in a while—once in a great while—there was something doing on Easy street. Did I ever tell you about the time I went back to the old town where I was born? Well, it was almost a shame to take that money, but I'll confess, and that's more than some of the present-day fighters could do and keep out of jail.

"To begin with the first chapter, I broke away from home when I was a very small kid because there were lots of things I wanted to see. In seeing them I had to take and give plenty of hard knocks, and by the time I was seventeen I knew how to take care of myself in a scrap and how to put the other fellow away if I could reach him.

"Then I got into the game for money. I didn't get the big end of it at first. Few of us do in this business or any other. But if a knockdown for the count don't break a man's nerve, he'll come back and get the goods some day.

"Remember the punch that put you away, and the next time you see it coming, duck!

"That was my golden rule, and I went to the head of the class. It's a good place to be. After you get a reputation life is softer. Swell clothes fit you, and you can wear diamonds without being suspected.

"When I got pretty far to the good, I decided to go back and see the old folks. I had the price of a fatted calf in every pocket, and the welcome was life size.

"The papers gave me as much space as they did the circus, and there was a handshaking bee on every corner when I went out for a walk. After a week of this I began to think of a few places I liked better, and I was ready to move along when I got an offer that looked too easy to be passed up.

"It's a poor town nowadays that hasn't got a saloon with a pugilist's name over the door, but in those days

came in. All I did was to stand around and look pleasant, while the help stacked up the coin. A good many men would have been satisfied, but I wasn't.

"My muscles were getting rusty, so I fixed up a punching bag in the back room and gave a few exhibitions. Then I put in a small ring, and let some of the youngsters punch each other for the amusement of the crowd.

"Well, in a week that town was fight mad—not fighting mad. That came later. It was the worst case of sporting fever I ever saw.

"Sporting fever is a good deal worse than smallpox in some ways. It seldom kills a man, but it breaks a good many.

"The town was pretty tough in those days. There was the icehouse gang, the gashouse gang and the rollingmill gang, and several others that I have forgotten. The rivalry between them was about 100 in the shade.

"When their fights were transferred from the street corners and the back lots to the ring in my saloon the police were happy and the coroner didn't have so much to do. I refereed all the goes, and when the scrappers got too free with the rules I put in a punch or two myself and straightened things out.

"A good referee has to know the rules; if he can illustrate them, so much the better.

"One night the rollingmill boys brought down a new one, and the way they flashed the limit of their pay envelopes tipped me off that they had been keeping the guy under cover for a killing. The gashouse crowd was feeling pretty strong on one of their own scrappers, and there was no trouble about getting them in the ring.

"The rollingmill man won in a walk, but he did it running. He went out of his corner at top speed, swinging both hands, and when one of them landed it was all over.

"Next night he whipped the icehouse champion the same way. After that I couldn't get anybody in town to meet him.

"Then I got my idea of picking up some easy money. One afternoon McCann came into the place.

"Would you like to put on the mitts with me?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said, as cocky as if he was the real thing.

"I took him into the back room and locked the door. When I got through he had a black eye, a split lip, his nose was bleeding and he was hanging to the ropes to keep off the floor.

"Now, do you think you're a fighter?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said, and he tried his best to stand up, but his legs were too wobbly.

"No, you're not," said I, "not yet. But I'll make a fighter of you."

"I meant what I said then. He left the rolling mill

"The papers began to print pictures of McCann instead of me, but I didn't kick. They said I thought he would be a great fighter, and I didn't deny it. One of them hinted that he was making me hustle to hold my



Photo by Gure Milenka

ROBERT VAN OSTEN.

Leading Comedian with the Cracker Jacks Burlesque Company.

own in our practice bouts, which were all private. I didn't deny that either.

"If you don't tell all you know the other fellow will guess wrong sometimes.

"Then I wrote to New York and made a match for McCann. I picked out a third-rater, but one who had been long enough in the ring to make his name known. He was what we call a trial horse. A trial horse will win if he can, but if he can't he is tough enough to take a good beating, and is willing to take it twice a week for the small end of the purse.

"When I announced the purse I also announced that the fight would be held in the largest hall in the town, that the seats would be \$2, \$3 and \$5, and that tickets were on sale at my place. The rush to get them promised success for me, and the town was sure that McCann couldn't lose.

"A man's friends can make a reputation for him before the fight, but he has to land the punch to keep it.

"The night of the fight came, and the hall was jammed. The money from the advance sale was in my safe and the money from the box office was in my pocket before I took McCann into the ring. When he crawled through the ropes he got a cheer that showed what the crowd thought of him. Varney, the New Yorker, was already in his corner. The referee was on hand.

"Now, McCann," I said as I was putting on his gloves, "keep cool. If you remember one-tenth of the things I've told you and forget nine-tenths of what you learned at the rolling mill, you'll win."

"Sure," said McCann.

"He did keep cool for one minute, while Varney was feeling him out. Then the New Yorker's left shot out straight and landed on McCann's nose. I knew what was coming, but I took a chance at safety play and shouted to him to keep cool. It was no use. The McCann blood was up, and it was the rollingmill style for his then. As Varney backed away McCann rushed, swinging his fists in the old way. The New Yorker stepped in and straightened him up with another jab on the nose, but he couldn't stop that rush if he had had on brass knuckles. The second punch on the nose and the cheers of his friends had made a wild man of McCann. The two went bang against the ropes and through them into the laps of the people below, McCann on top. The fall either stunned McCann or sobered him. I don't know which. That ended the first round.

"The bell rang for the second. It didn't last long. Another tap on the nose, another rush, and this time McCann picked up the New Yorker and tossed him over the ropes. It was all to the good as an exhibition of strength, but it didn't go under the rules, and the referee gave the fight to the New Yorker. Of course, there was a howl at the decision. The crowd had paid to see a fight, and they had seen about four minutes of rough-house. But it was easy money for me. Varney got \$300, the referee got \$100, the other expenses were about \$300, and I got \$2,300."

MONTE CARLO

TOO SPEEDY AND

BROKE SPORT

He Did Up the Sheep Men and Got a Bankroll.

THEN WENT TO MONACO

'Twas the Same Old Story and He Came Home With Cattle.

A man, seedy and ill kempt, was begging from a group of men who were standing on a Broadway corner. One handed him \$5.

"What's the matter, Bill, burning your money?" asked a friend.

"No, but I knew that fellow out in Butte, Mont. He was a bright sort and he never lost his nerve when he went broke.

"Well, I hadn't seen him for some years until I met him at the Hoffman House a few days ago. He appeared a little seedy, but happy, and told me all about it.

"You see," he said, "I got the idea from these theatrical shows, and made up my mind to have an advance agent.

"I got hold of a gross or so of marked cards, and as I had a little money I sent Kootna Pete ahead with the pasteboards.

"Sheep-shearing time was coming on, and I knew that everybody would have money, and unless they got a chance to lose it up against banks or stud they wouldn't feel right."

"Well, according to his spiel, he instructed his advance man to get rid of these cards. He was to sell them for four bits a pack, two bits a pack, a long or short bit, or give them away. At any rate, these cards must be placed in every sheep-shearing hamlet within the purview of Montana and Idaho.

"His instructions were carried out to the letter. There was not a small hamlet on the Northern Pacific or Union Pacific but there the 'phony' cards were for sale.

"A month later, having made a stake at the 'M. & M.' faro bank, he started on his tour.

"Stud poker is the strong game, which lays over draw in that section, and he started to clear out the ranchers. When he struck a small settlement he would speedily find a game. After two or three games he would demand a new deck. A new deck would be bought in the establishment, gin mill or wherever it was, and he would proceed to flay the victims alive. Whenever the latter grew suspicious a new deck would be ordered. Of course he knew the backs of the cards in each new deck as well as a dominie does his Bible.

"After he had thrown it in to them good and plenty and the ranchers were beginning to get rusty he would move further down the trail and repeat the performance. It took him about a month or six weeks to go through Montana and North Dakota like a dose of salts.

"At the end of this period he had run down all the cards which his advance man had located or planted, and he was about \$57,000 to the good.

"It was up to him then to quit, and he dug out, halting a few days in New York on his way to Carlo and Monte Carlo, which places he expected to place on the bum and make their coffers look as if a prairie fire had caressed them.

"They didn't do a thing for me, pard," he said. "I tore 'em off good 'n' strong when I first hit that prince's layout and strung my roll out to a hundred thousand.

"Say, I was goin' ter make them dukes and other short cards look like plugged quarters. I was a-goin' ter brand them mavericks with the dollar mark and charter a steamer ter bring back the dough.

"Well, what's ther use o' talkin', pard. They lit inter me good 'n' plenty; didn't leave me with a shoe string.

"Say, them cattle steamers ain't the square thing for an all-around sport ter travel in. Savvy?"

ZIEGLER GETS A DECISION.

Owen Ziegler and Fred Douglass started a twenty-round boxing contest before the Savannah Athletic Club, Savannah, Ga., on Sept. 22. In the second round Ziegler struck Douglass after the bell sounded and knocked him down. Douglass' seconds claimed a foul. The referee declared he did not hear the bell and ordered the fight to go on. Douglass refused and the decision was awarded to Ziegler.

DRISCOLL KNOCKED OUT.

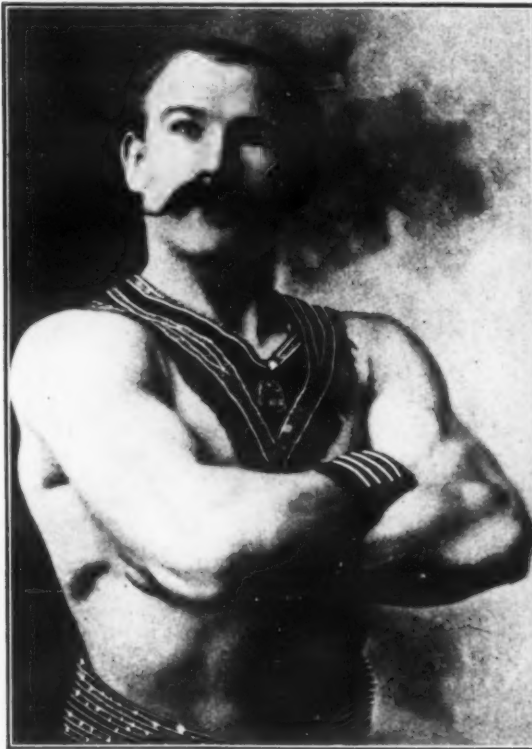
Larry Temple, of New York, knocked out Jim Driscoll in the third round of a fast and furious bout in Chicago on September 22. A left jolt to the jaw turned the trick. It was the first knockout that Driscoll ever received and came as a great surprise to his supporters. The blow which did the business was the second to fell Driscoll in the round, and it knocked him through the ropes.

The first two rounds were marked by hard fighting and clinches. Larry got in several good body blows and received some hard taps in return.

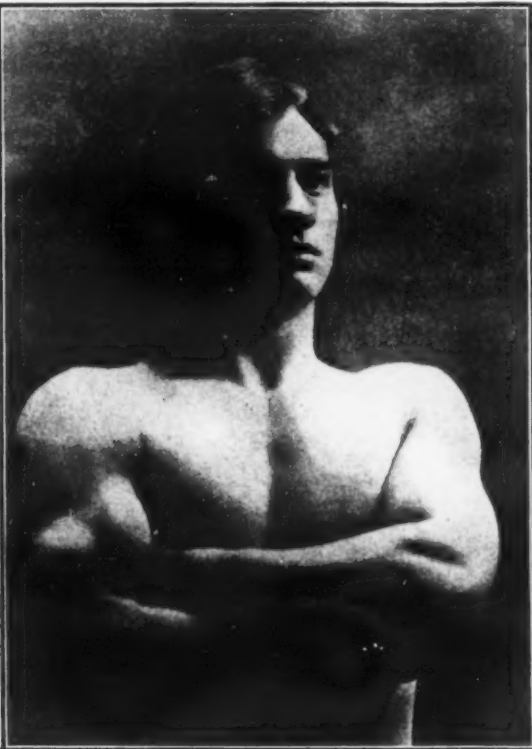
At the opening of the third round Jim fell short on a body punch and Larry swung a right to the neck. His opponent retaliated with a right to face. The New York man then put in a hard left which brought the Chicago man to the canvas. Driscoll was up at the count of nine, but he had hardly regained his feet when Larry landed a heavy jolt on the jaw, knocking Jim through the ropes and putting him out.

FITZSIMMONS-JEFFRIES

We still have a few copies left of the Double Supplement—Jeffries and Fitzsimmons in the ring. Order now if you want one. 10c. each, mailed to your address rolled in a tube.



CHAS. SCHLAG.



A. BECHHUSEN.

A Pair of Crack Wrestlers and Weight Lifters for whose Magnificent Physical Development Professor Attila of New York City is Responsible.

the scheme was new. A brewer fitted up the best place in town, stocked it and turned it over to me.

"But he kept a mortgage. And, of course, I sold only his beer. He was willing to let me make some money if he could make some at the same time. That was all right.

"Well, the moth and the flame scheme worked. The handshaking went on over the bar, and the money

and I paid him a salary to learn to box, which wasn't so generous as you might think offhand. I had my own little game like the brewer had the mortgage.

FINE HALF-TONE PICTURES

Elegant half-tone reproductions of famous boxers, athletes and actresses, printed on fine paper, ready for framing; six for 50 cents.

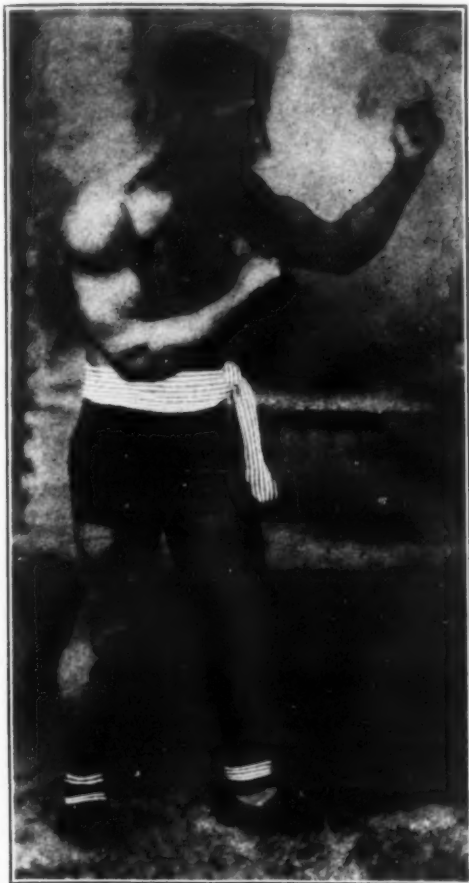
Have You a FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE? 25 Cents---All the Good Drinks in a Most Compact Form

Enthusiastic Physical Culturists

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM YOUNG MEN WHO HOPE TO WIN THE POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPIONSHIP DIAMOND MEDAL.

It is to be greatly regretted that there is not space enough in these columns for at least half of the letters which are received at this office concerning the physical culture contest.

They come through the mail from all over the world, and the tenor of all is the same—that this competition



ELMER RHODS of Cleveland, O.

is the greatest and most successful ever inaugurated and that it is doing a world of good.

A great many of the letters are from young men who have never taken any serious exercise in their lives, but who are now beginning to emulate some of the contestants.

A young man of Scranton, Pa., writes:

"I am a miner, and a striking one, too. A couple of months ago I saw a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE and noticed the physical culture pictures. They made a hit with me and I started to train. I am getting in pretty good shape now, and maybe I will get a picture in before it is too late."

A well-known young man of Scribner, Neb., writes:

"I was a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba and had an attack of Cuban fever and malaria, from which I was very much run down, weighing 140 pounds when landing at Montauk Point. I re-enlisted and went through to the Philippines, previously having exercised until I weighed 207 pounds. Two days after arriving there I was shot in the right lung, the bullet lodging against my spine, causing temporary paralysis below the waist. When I first left my bed I weighed 135 pounds. By dint of hard work at physical culture I am now all right."

This soldier athlete sends several good photographs with his interesting letter.

From Bridgeport comes the following:

"I thank you ever so much for the advertisement you gratuitously gave me by publishing my photograph."

"I receive letters from all parts of the country, complimenting me on my development and also wishing to buy some of my photographs for collections. They say I am the best one in the contest so far."

"One of our local newspapers here gave me a great send-off, also mentioning your paper very prominently. The GAZETTE has all the boys here interested, as they are sure it is the best and most liberal sporting paper printed. Sincerely yours, ADOLPH PITZ."

There is no question but that this contest has been an unqualified success; neither is there any question but that it has done a great deal of good.

You who have the development of Hercules, and who pride yourselves on your muscles, will do well to get your challenges in shape and send them in, for it is very likely that when this is ended there will be some pretty lively contests on the mat and with the big bells.

What can you do?

What can you lift?

And how do you lift?

Let the GAZETTE know and see if we can't find an amateur weight lifting champion—or two or three, according to the weights of the contestants.

Write to us and give us your ideas on the subject. What can your muscles do?

How have you trained and developed them?

If you are at all interested, as you ought to be, write out your ideas on the subject.

Let us see if we can make a few more champions by making it worth while for them to compete.

In the meantime keep your eye on the diamond medal, and above all, let your friends know about it.

NEW CHAMPIONS.

E. C. Schaeffer won the 100 yard swimming championship of the United States at the swimming tournament held under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club at Traver's Island. Time, 1 minute, 7 seconds.

H. M. Clark, of Wabash, and Frank L. Snyder, of Crawfordsville, well-known target experts, shot a fifty-sparrow match in the latter city on Sept. 19 for the Leiber trophy and the State bird championship, which goes with it. Clark the defender, won, grussing 48 to Snyder's 45.

NEW RECORDS.

Throwing the Discus—On Sept. 8, at Vienna, C. Foth, the Hungarian champion, threw the discus 137 feet 6 inches, breaking the world's record.

Swimming—At Radcliffe, England, recently David Billington, the wonderful eighteen-year-old swimmer, broke the world's quarter-mile record of 5 minutes 46 seconds by eleven seconds, covering the distance in 5 minutes 35 seconds.

Running—Paddy Walsh, of the New York Athletic Club, went 230 yards in 21 3-5 seconds at Montreal recently. Alfred Shrubbs, an Englishman, ran four miles in 19 minutes 24 4-5 seconds at the Stamford Bridge grounds of the London Athletic Club recently, making a new amateur world's record for that distance.

BOXING ON THE COAST.

The Hayes Valley Club of San Francisco, Cal., gave a boxing show recently before a good-sized house at the annex. The feature of the show was the bout between John Carter and Ted Wolfe. The latter took Tom McCreel's place. Wolfe was picked by the sports to clean Carter out in about one round, but after four rounds Carter got the decision.

Al Ehrback, a new one, with a stiff left, was given the decision over Willie Edwards after four fierce rounds.

Dick Murray made good in great shape by knocking out Nat Schoor, alias "Mitchell, the Peanut King," in one round. Al Neill, who is Murray's cousin, thinks the latter will lead the whole field in two months.

Al Label quit to Ed Gallatin after running around the ring for two rounds. The loser's seconds wouldn't even go back to the dressing-room with him; the crowd hooted so.

Louis Burns, the vice-president of the Newsboys' Union, seconded by "Tanglefoot" McGovern, next entered the arena. John Crowe was his opponent. Burns did the best he could until the middle of the second round, when a right on the jaw dropped him for good.

Pierpont Ordway wasn't satisfied with the beating Dan Sullivan gave him once before and fought him again. Sully's left was a pippin, never failing to reach Pierp's jaw. The police stopped it in the second, and then allowed it to go on again. Just at the beginning of the third Dan put Pierp out with a left on the same place.

Jack Cordell was given the decision over "Brick" Howard after four hard rounds. Howard had the best of the first two rounds, landing heavy swings on Cordell, but never dropping him. In the third "Brick" began to weaken, and near the end of the fourth was hardly strong enough to swing.

A COMEDIAN MASCOT.

Joe Cawthorne, the principal comedian with "Beauty and the Beast" Company, tells a story of himself which is interesting enough to print.

"I tried to break into the get-rich-easy business once," says Cawthorne, "and I can tell you for a time I was a high roller, all right—I didn't think anything of running one dollar up to five before I quit. It was out in Montana, where everybody gambles a little bit and most everybody a good big bit."

"One night I happened into the swellest gambling house in Butte. I didn't know much about the games, but I was alone and thought I ought to play a little, so I tried faro. With my two or three silver bucks clasped tightly in my lily-white, I advanced on the lair of the tiger, got a seat, and began throwing those dollars around that reckless that sometimes the attendant had to pick them up and ask me where to put them. After a couple of hours I counted up and discovered that I was about seven to the good. That's where I plunged. I took the whole seven and reached knowingly across the table to place them on the eight open. As I did so my conscience caught the copper on a bet of the man who sat next to me and knocked it off. He was playing \$50 and \$75 bets and was down to his last stack. The dealer turned the cards and my companion

scowled. Then he glanced at his bet, saw that the copper wasn't there, and laughed loudly when the dealer began to pay him.

"I didn't understand just what I'd done, but I felt pretty big when that fellow turned around to me, shook me by the hand, and told me I was a lucky guy; that if I'd stand by his chair the rest of the night he'd give me a percentage of what he won."

"I couldn't shake that fellow, and I guess we went to every gambling room in town. When we turned in at daylight he was several thousand dollars to the good and I—well, it doesn't matter what I had."

THE BARTENDER'S MEDAL.

For 1902 is one of the handsomest ever made. It is offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox for the best recipe this season. There are money prizes for the second, third and fourth best. Send in your recipes at once.

IRISH WRESTLER COMING.

Tom McInerney, the famous Irish wrestling champion, who toured this country a few years ago, meeting all comers, intends making a trip over here during the coming winter.

McInerney did some great work in this country, one of his hardest matches being a two hours' battle with Dan McLeod, at San Francisco. He broke McLeod's finger, but Dan finally won the match. McInerney states that his wrestling weight is 186 pounds and that he is better than ever.

ENGLISH CLUB WANTS FORBES.

There is every likelihood of an international mill between Harry Forbes, of Chicago, and Harry Ware, of England, being held in England some time in November. The National Sporting Club of London is ready to give the men a purse of \$1,000 with an additional \$250 for expenses. The club wants the mill to be limited to fifteen rounds at the bantamweight limit. Ware recently clinched his title to the bantam championship of England by whipping Andrew Tokell. Forbes holds the honors of the class in this country and is anxious to go abroad and show his form.

NEAL AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

Frankie Neal, the Western boxer, who is now on a trip to Australia, is having all kinds of sport with the Cockneys. On his way to Honolulu he saw some fellows boxing and plied over with the crowd to cheer them on. After the bout an Englishman, desiring something easy to work on, asked Frank to mingle.

"Sure!" said he. Now, Frankie looked so small and innocent the Englishman thought this was a little "marmalade" and expected to make a big hit with the crew by separating Neal from his block. In about one



RICHARD BURNETT of New York City.

minute the air was full of sore ears, bloody noses, black eyes and flying Englishman. When the air cleared again the opponent of Neal was over in the corner with his head between his hands, singing that popular song, "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep." It's different now. The local boy looks like Jeffries to the "Lime-julcers," and is monarch of all he surveys.

FRANK ERNE'S FESTIVE HORSE.

Frank Erne, Buffalo's lightweight pugilist, had an exciting experience while riding a spirited horse in North Tonawanda, Pa., recently on his way from Queen City to his farm at Lewiston. The horse became unruly and came very near causing considerable trouble.

Erne entered the Lumber City astride his horse most gracefully and all went well until that part of Main street which passes through the Central freight yards and in the immediate vicinity of several large factories was reached.

At this point a switch engine came snorting along and the noon whistles began to blow. The horse became frightened and shied from one side of the street to the other several times in quick succession and narrowly escaped colliding with several

wheelmen, a large number of whom were on their way home from work.

Frank, determined not to be unhorsed, clung to his steed until he made a frantic leap into the crowd that had assembled on the sidewalk and dashed straight at the plate glass front of the Railroad Hotel. He leaped to the walk as one of the crowd clutched the reins and prevented the horse from leaping through the window. One of the onlookers was knocked down by the horse—not the pugilist—but was only slightly bruised.

After leading the horse for some distance and making him acquainted with the switch engine, Erne encountered no farther opposition from his high-strung mount.

SULLIVAN AND YANGER MATCHED

Dave Sullivan has signed articles to meet Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," in a six-round bout at Chicago on Oct. 28. The weight is 128 pounds.

Dave is also in receipt of a letter from his brother "Spike." He wants Dave to visit England about Christmas, as he has practically clinched a match for his brother with Jack Roberts, the dethroned 125-pound champion of England. "Spike" states that if the match comes off it will be for \$1,000 a side.

This Week's Illustrations

Here's another woman who believes in trousers—on certain occasions. Her address is Indianapolis, where she is at present locked up on a charge of burglary. She wore male attire because it was more convenient for her to enter windows and climb back fences.

She made the usual mistake, however, of going once too often, and now she has a long time to think it over.

A woman was found in her apartment in Mobile, Ala., the other day senseless on the floor with all of her hair cut close to her head.

The investigation which followed revealed a remarkable state of affairs and resulted in the arrest of the assailant, who proved to be a woman also. In her confession she said that the man to whom she had been engaged had left her for the other one and that she had resolved to have revenge.

She put on a suit of men's clothes and entering the apartment of her rival chloroformed her and then cut off her hair. She said she also intended to disfigure her rival with carbolic acid, but her heart failed her at the last moment.

If the creature of curves known as the queen of burlesque, who recently appeared at a leading theatre in Minneapolis, Minn., had been more accurate in her aim, a young man of that city, whose sole assets seem to be an evening dress and cheek, would be suf-

fering from a scalp wound, inflicted by a pair of curling tongs. But she is not accurate, so he escaped with a dent in his coat. He presumed to enter her dressing room, uninvited, the other evening. Fortunately she was fully dressed and ready to go on, but that made no difference. She was angry just the same. She ordered him out, but he refused to go. Any man who has nerve enough to do what he did certainly has nerve enough to stay—for a short while, anyhow.

His stay was very short, however, for when she remarked that she wished she had an axe he glanced toward the door. Then she made a dive for a pair of heavy curling tongs.

"Get out," she shrieked.

He got, but as he was on the way she let the tongs go at his head. They hit him in the back.

There's where she made a mistake. If she really wanted to hit him in the head she ought to have aimed at his back.

BOOKS THAT SPORTS NEED.

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. All illustrated. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York City.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT---A Comer in the Fistic Firmament---Order in Advance



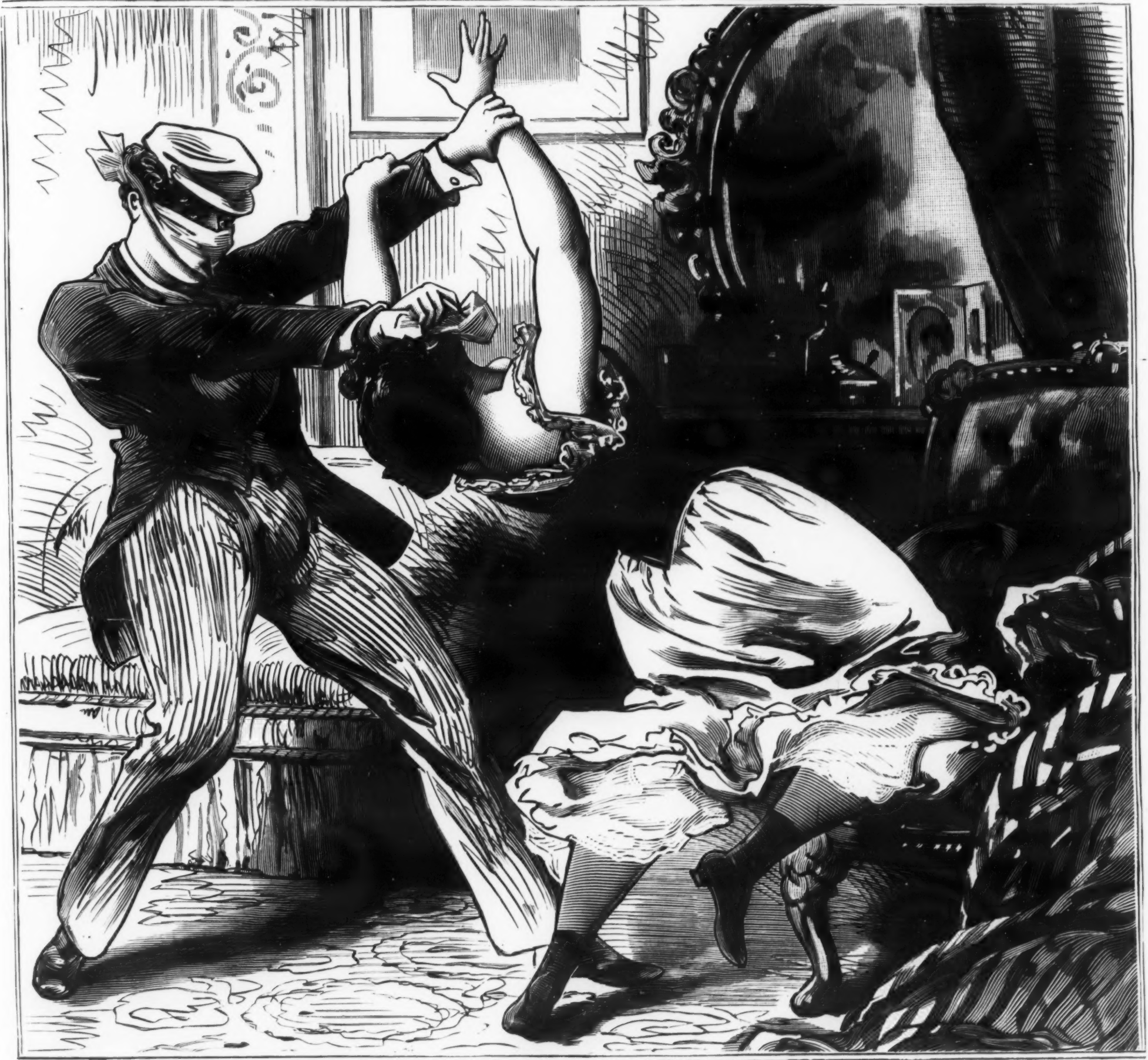
EJECTED THE CHAPPIE.

A QUEEN OF BURLESQUE IN A MINNEAPOLIS THEATRE BOMBARDS A FRESH YOUNG MAN WHO ENTERED HER DRESSING-ROOM WITHOUT AN INVITATION.



WORE TROUSERS TO STEAL.

A LIGHT-FINGERED BELLE OF TERRE HAUTE, IND., CAUGHT BY THE COPS WORKING AT HER TRADE.



IT WAS JEALOUSY, OF COURSE.

HOW A YOUNG WOMAN OF MOBILE, ALA., REVENGED HERSELF ON HER MORE SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS BID FOR

—MAY TAKE PLACE THERE IN DECEMBER—

McGOVERN-CORBETT FIGHT

Kid McCoy Claims to Have Posted \$5,000 and Will Fight Bob Fitzsimmons if the Latter is Willing.

TALK ABOUT BOXING CLUB IN NEW YORK CITY

Wrestlers Getting Ready for a Hard Campaign---Eddie Connolly Couldn't Go The Route---Billy Barrett Doing Well in England---Gossip.

It is very apparent that if Young Corbett and Terry McGovern ever do meet in the ring again it will be in California, which appears now to be the only State where a boxing match may be held without interference. There is in consequence considerable rivalry between the 'Frisco fight promoters for the privilege of handling the affair, and while the fighters have been deluged with offers Sam Harris, who is practically attending to this end of the business for both men, has decided to wait until November 15 so that the various organizations would have an equal chance to bid on the match. On that date bids for the contest are to be opened in this city and the club making the best inducements will get the prize.

Alec Greggains, who so successfully handled the recent Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight and other important affairs in 'Frisco, was the first to get in line with an offer after the Louisville fiasco. Harris replied that he did not care to accept the San Francisco club's proposition at the time for various reasons. One of them was that he first wanted to hear from Jim Kennedy, manager of the Twentieth Century Club of San Francisco, who was anxious to get in a bid for the fight. In view of the fact that two of the leading organizations of San Francisco were after the contest Harris concluded to put off accepting bids until clubs in all parts of the country could be heard from. He did this simply as a matter of business, desiring, of course, to get the largest purse possible for the mill.

As the matter now stands any reputable athletic club can put up a forfeit of \$5,000 and bid on the match. If the boxers had accepted the first offer right off the reel they would have missed an opportunity to secure bigger money. That's why Manager Harris did not take Greggains' bid, hence the story about McGovern refusing to meet Corbett in 'Frisco.

No one knows better than Corbett himself how anxious McGovern is to fight him. Terry cried for hours when the match fell through at Louisville. Both boxers had a long talk in Cincinnati over their tough luck. Terry told Corbett that he looked upon this as the greatest chance of his lifetime, and wouldn't have had the match fall through for \$10,000.

Corbett listened to Terry's talk and told the Brooklyn boy that he believed that he was sincere. In all he said, Corbett added that he was as much put out over the failure of the fight to take place as McGovern, and would fight at any time or place a suitable purse could be secured. When Sam Harris suggested that the bids be left open to November 15, Corbett said this would be agreeable to him, and a verbal agreement was made to fight before the club offering the largest purse.

Speaking of Young Corbett, it is a pretty generally accepted fact that he is pretty close to the cushion, financially, and this accounts for his eagerness to take on any and every one in limited-round bouts for small but sure money. While he was negotiating with Joe Macias for a bout in Philadelphia, he said:

"I haven't got a cent in the world, and I want something to do, and quick, too. I am willing to meet somebody as soon as possible, as I must make some money. My pile is gone, and I am ready to pitch in and make more. I counted on winning over McGovern, which would have put me on velvet again, but the courts put me out there."

Most of the small fortune Young Corbett made off his winning fight with McGovern and the \$500 a week he received for a long time afterward for his stage appearances has disappeared. The races cost him most of his cash. As Young Corbett seems sincere in his desire to recoup there is a likely prospect that he will be matched to meet all the little but ambitious fellows in turn. That "rest" of a year which Young Corbett figured was so essential to his health and comfort, after he beat McGovern, was a costly expedient. He might have gotten in three or four fights and been twenty or thirty thousand to the good now.

I heard a pretty good judge of pugilism say the other day that if "Kid" McCoy was only twenty pounds heavier he'd go to the end of the world to see him fight Jeffries, and the implied compliment to McCoy's ability was paralleled a moment later by the remark that he'd like to see Tommy Ryan, ten pounds heavier, in the ring with McCoy. There isn't much chance of either match taking place, although Ryan, after beating "Kid" Carter, expressed a willingness to arrange a match with McCoy if the latter would agree to make any reasonable kind of weight. As it is, however, the possibilities for the future only run in the direction of a battle between McCoy and Fitzsimmons. It is common talk that McCoy has posted \$5,000 somewhere, place not stated, to make a match with Robert, but despite the latter's statement that he will fight again, he has made no effort to get in line for action. Fitz's great battle against Jeffries has reassured him of his superiority over the ordinary fighter, and he is anxious to meet any of them except the man who has licked him twice. A battle between McCoy and Fitzsimmons, if on its merits, would be the most attractive fistie encounter that could be put up. Gus Ruhlin is also after a match with Fitz, and is much more desirable as a competitor in every way than McCoy in the Australian's opinion.

The "Gladiators of the Mat" are busy preparing themselves for an arduous campaign. While

the ban is on boxing, the wrestlers have a chance to bask in the sunshine of prosperity, and they are ready to take advantage of the forthcoming opportunity with a vengeance. The game the coming winter and spring promises to be as lively as it was last year. We are liable to see some new faces the coming season, and as a result, more exciting contests. Lundin, the young Swedish champion, who has given Jenkins and McLeod such hard battles, has signified his intention of being an active participant in the championship race.

the old story with Connolly. As everyone over here knows he can fight like a cyclone for a few rounds. Nobody in his class has it on him for cleverness and ability to outbox his opponents, but the kind of living he has indulged in has undermined his constitution and he cannot go to a finish with any degree of certainty. His fight with Woodley shows that he still possesses all his old time cleverness, but he cannot hit hard or stay a route.

Little Willie Barrett, a corking good feather-weight fighter, who was unfortunate enough to be just a shade inferior to Terry McGovern when the latter began striding toward the championship goal, won a fight in Liverpool the other night, getting the decision over Harry Chamberlain, of London, on points, in a fifteen-round battle. The mill went the limit. Barrett had his opponent outclassed as far as cleverness went, says the report, but he did not have a settling punch. The Yankee had several chances to finish his rival, but though he did his best he could not land a blow.

That was always Barrett's weakness. He was clever and willing enough, could take punishment like a little Trojan, but he couldn't hit hard enough to do much damage. Had he combined the ability to punish or strength enough to land a knockout he would have been McGovern's equal at that time.

Sammy Myers, of New York, who now makes Baltimore his home, is fast getting into big company and it will be well for some of the top-notchers to keep their eye on the stocky little Hebrew. Sammy is well known in New York, and it will be good news to his many friends to know he is now walloping everything that comes his way. He first surprised the sports of Baltimore by walloping Joe Tipman and then had the best of "Kid" Sullivan. He surprised everyone on Sept. 22 by holding Austin Rice off to a twenty-round draw before the Knickerbocker A. C. In one of the best bouts ever pulled off in Baltimore. Sammy not only held his own but made it quite lively for Rice in the last

say nothing of foresight into the future, do not indicate that the proposition has stability. As stated, it has been tried before, and said to say with poor success.

Two years ago when the Horton law went out of existence a prominent State Senator, whose influence at Albany is probably greater than that of any other single individual, and who was personally interested with me in the ownership of several boxing clubs, told me with much emphasis that New York would never see public boxing again. He has discounted every plan and effort to have a law re-established and told me that he himself wouldn't raise a finger to help a boxing bill through the Legislature. I had and still have absolute confidence in what this man says, and while I wish the new scheme all the prosperity it deserves I'll believe in its success when I see it.

Tom Sharkey, in retiring from the ring, said: "I have just found out what an ass I am." If he can find time to add a postscript, telling us in round figures how much of the "long green" he has stored away in the Amsterdam Bank as the result of his experience in making the discovery, he will fill a long-felt want.

Chicago has never forgiven Joe Gans for the part he played in that fake set-to with McGovern, which unquestionably put a crimp in the boxing game in the Windy City. Gans was scheduled to fight an unknown the other night before the Chicago Athletic Association. Chief of Police O'Neil feels that Gans' connection with the killing of the game in Chicago, after his fight with Terry McGovern at Tattersalls, was of such a character that he should be barred from further participation in any fight event in Chicago.

Joe Macias, who has been a familiar figure in the fistie game for a decade or more, and was a valued adjunct to the Broadway Athletic Club in the halcyon days of the Horton law, has gone over to Philadelphia to manage the Penn Art Athletic Club, during the coming winter.

He expects to open the club on October 10, and has two bouts in view for a curtain raiser. One is a contest between Young Corbett and Tim Callahan and the other a mixup, with "Kid" Carter and Gus Ruhlin in the leading roles.

Macias will run shows twice a month when he can secure sufficiently good attractions. He has had a lot of managerial experience and has a very good knowledge of the value of a pugilist's services. He has a reputation for being on the level, and as the fighters know this, he ought to have a great success in his new undertaking.

Bobby Dobbs, the negro lightweight, has received an offer from the National Sporting Club, of London, to meet Tom Woodley in a fifteen-round bout some time in November. Woodley is the man who knocked out Eddie Connolly recently in eleven rounds.

The South, which for a year or two past has been a prolific field of activity for the fistie gentry, will probably be passed up now that the courts of Kentucky have declared boxing to be illegal. Whether Louisville will be the scene of any more contests is an open question, one which will not be answered for some time. Well-posted sports declare that the game is not dead in Louisville by any means, and offer the argument that it is according to law, if properly conducted, and that it cannot be "topped." They claim that the word "championship" is what really prevented the Corbett-McGovern fight, coupled with the fact that the bout had been projected in St. Louis, Hartford and elsewhere before it was transferred there. They claim that the people simply refused to have take place there what was not allowed in other States.

Mayor Grainger and other well-known legal luminaries in Louisville, whose opinions are entitled to grave consideration, long ago declared that boxing bouts which were conducted upon the principle that the loser must receive as much as the winner were according to law and could not be stopped. But an injunction prevented it all the same.

In explaining the situation, after the courts had taken a radically opposite view, Mayor Grainger said:

"The courts of Kentucky have decided that this class of sport is unlawful, and that is the end of it. Of course, there will be no more such contests in Louisville, for we must all obey the law as it is laid down by the courts."

"It seems to me, though, that it would not have hurt the morals or the manners of Louisville to have held this boxing contest. The principals were highly trained and their exhibition would doubtless have been held without being brutal."

"Such contests are held in many communities without interference."

Chairman Brennan, of the Board of Public Safety, when asked for his views, said: "This decision knocks out all boxing contests of every character in Louisville."

However, a number of local promoters, who have been giving boxing contests at halls in the outskirts of the city, stated that they expected to continue with their little bouts, but that they did not propose to give any championship affairs, and that they would be very careful that the purses were evenly divided. The future will be watched with interest by everybody in the pugilistic world.

SAM AUSTIN.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Billy Moore, the St. Louis lightweight, knocked out "Tip" O'Neill in the second round of a fight in private at Harlem on Sept. 22.

"Chic" Regan, of Philadelphia, who has not been boxing for a couple of years, is again in the field and wants a mill with any 110-pounder in the business. Regan prefers a go with Griffith Jones of Brooklyn.

Jack Johnson, the colored fighter, of Los Angeles, who has been winning continually of late, has been secured by Matchmaker McCarey, of the Century Athletic Club, of Los Angeles, Cal., to meet Joe Walcott in a twenty-round bout the latter part of this month. The bout is at catch weights.

Steps have been taken to clinch a twenty-round battle between Marvin Hart, of Louisville, and George Gardiner, of Lowell. Alec Greggains, Gardiner's manager, who is also at the helm of the San Francisco A. C., of San Francisco, is ready to put up a purse if Hart will tackle Gardiner on the Pacific coast.

IF YOU TAKE A DRINK

Occasionally, you will confer a favor on the POLICE GAZETTE by asking the man who mixes your drinks if he is trying for the POLICE GAZETTE \$75.00 medal for the 1902 championship.



Photo by Haussler, San Francisco.

AL. W. PAPE.

The Undefeated Champion Oarsman of the Pacific Coast who is also an Expert Swimmer and Runner, and a Superb Specimen of Physical Training.

So has John Piening, the "Butcher Boy." Tom McInerney, the Irish champion, who wrestled two hours with McLeod in San Francisco a few years ago, writes from Ireland that he intends making another tour of America. Jim Parr, the English champion, with his newly-acquired gold championship belt, has just returned, and Stockley, who gave Parr a hard argument on the other side, is expected next month. These foreign athletes are all good ones, but they will probably be well taken care of by Jenkins, McLeod, Lundin, Piening, Atherton and the others. Harvey Parker, the lightweight champion, is "on the road" with Bobby Manchester's Crackerjack Burlesquers, meeting all comers and having his hands full as usual. The only one who hasn't made a move yet is Ernest Roeber, but I guess he's done.

Eddie Connolly's inability to go a route was again demonstrated in London one night recently when he was defeated by Tom Woodley, an English pugilist, after eleven rounds of hard fighting, for a purse of \$2,000 and the 144-pound championship. From the beginning of the bout the American forced the fighting and rushed his opponent. Until the sixth round Connolly appeared to be a sure winner, but in that round the Englishman nearly succeeded in knocking the American out. After this round and for the rest of the fight Woodley took the lead and won easily. It was

THE BARTENDER'S CHAMPIONSHIP

The man who sends in the best original drink gets it. There will be other prizes, too, and the contest this season promises to be one of the best. See page 11.

three rounds, landing on him as he pleased. His manager, Capt. Jubb, will now go after anyone in his class, barring none, and is ready to post money for Sammy to meet McGovern, Corbett, Yanger or anyone else.

Every season at this time when legislative affairs begin to take a hold upon the people and politicians with ambitions to be elected to places in legislative council are bold enough to give elaborate promises calculated to please their constituents in every walk of life, we hear about laws to legalize boxing being enacted and the organization of boxing clubs to cater to the sport loving element who patronize them. New York has just been treated to its annual ante-election visitation of this fable but in a new guise. Another promoter with a proposition entailing thousands and risks without end has come along and tells of the golden opportunities to be found in the next Legislature. The latest in this line sprung is a thoroughly English idea. It is not a new one, either. It consists of the formation of a club along the lines of the National Sporting Club of London, with high-priced members, none but the cream of the talent, and a well-equipped, modern gymnasium for the development of soft millionaires, who are to provide the lubrication for the machinery, viz: the lucre. Additionally, these members are to be of a calibre to command respect from up-State lawmakers as well as the lucky city representatives who are fully alive to the necessity for the organization of such a club in New York. This all sounds very well, and on paper has a promising appearance, but alas! the real circumstances, common sense and good judgment, to

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E. K., Orange, N. J.—Your photo will be used in its turn.

T. J. R., Brookhaven, Miss.—Write to a coin dealer for a premium list.

E. E. D., Wall Street, City.—We would not undertake to settle such a mixed up controversy.

C. M., Carthage, Mo.—Give me W. W. Naughton's address?.....Chicago American, Chicago, Ill.

W. D. T., Warrensburg, Mo.—What is the best time for 100 yards made by Bethune?.....Ten seconds.

B. R., Corning, N. Y.—B bets that Tommy Ryan of Syracuse is a full Jew; B bets he is not?.....He is not a Jew.

G. B., Baltimore, Md.—Was Sullivan and Kilrain's last fight fought with gloves or bare fists?.....Bare hands.

H. J. O., Washington, D. C.—Were there moving pictures taken of the first Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight?.....No.

Reader.—Was there a book published about ten years ago having as its title, "Gladiators of the Prize Ring"?.....No.

A. B., San Francisco.—Seven players engaged in a billiard tournament, twenty-one games. A bets \$200 to \$20 that a certain player called X does not win. Games scheduled are played off and it is found that X

G. S. F., Bessemer, Ala.—If the ball finally fell in No. 2 that number was the winner.

J. L. G., New York.—Is Joe Chynski a Jew and does he go under his right name?.....Yes.

M. McH., Sioux City, Ia.—Is there anything in the paperweight class in prize fighting?.....No.

Mr. A., Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Who is the champion Graeco-Roman wrestler of America?.....Ernest Roeber.

H. R., —How many stories high is the highest building in the United States?.....Twenty-three, we believe.

Jim, Garrys, Pa.—Write to Secretary of Navy at Washington, D. C., for full information. You will get an answer.

M. P., New York City.—A bets M that the Brooklyn Bridge was opened for traffic in 1883, and M says it was in 1882?.....1883.

S. K., New York.—If A holds four aces and B holds a straight flush; which one wins?.....A straight flush, when straights are played.

T. E. H., Hilo, Panay, P. I.—A bets Jim Corbett was champion of the world for four years; B bets he wasn't; who wins?.....B wins.

B. H. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—What was the longest fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules?.....110 rounds; Andy Bowen and Jack Burke.

S. R., New York City.—A bets B that Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, is a Hebrew, while B bets he is not?.....B wins. He is not a Hebrew.

I. J., Chicago.—Can a full fledged American Catholic sit as President of the United States?.....If he is a natural born citizen he is eligible.

W. H. G., Gillette, Wyo.—How many rounds did Corbett and Sullivan fight when Corbett won the championship?.....Twenty-one rounds.

A. L. Z., Cleveland, O.—Did George LaChance, of the Boston Americans, ever catch for the Brooklyn or any other National League Club?.....Yes, for Brooklyn.

F. J., Clare, Ill.—F bets C that A doesn't stay five rounds in a boxing contest; the contest comes off and A won on a foul in the fifth round; does F lose?.....F loses.

L. L. P., Muncie, Ind.—I wrote Frank Dole, New Haven, Conn., in regard to bulldogs and got no reply. Please give me another address?.....Walter Botts, Woodside, L. I.

E. J. D., Irvington, N. Y.—Which is the best hand in poker, a straight flush, excluding the royal flush, or four of a kind?.....Straight flush beats fours in games where straights are played.

M. N., Columbia, S. C.—Give me the address of William F. Malne, a Jockey, who had the horse Kil-darlie at the Charleston Exposition?.....Have no knowledge of his present whereabouts.

J. J. C., Comly, O.—D bets C that there was 37,000 people at one game of baseball in St. Louis last year? What was the largest crowd that ever attended one game?.....I. D loses. 2. 28,906, in New York.

J. R., Littlestown, Pa.—Was there a man by the name of Louis Staub, formerly of McSherrytown, that pitched for Duluth and won 19 games out of 21, and won 8 straight games for Cedar Rapids?.....Yes.

K. K., Brooklyn.—Cribbage, three-handed; A plays 10; B plays 5; C plays 5; A plays 3; B plays 4, taking run of 3; C cannot play; A plays 3 and claims run of 3; B says it is no run. Who is right, A or B?.....B is right.

W. C. S., Easton, Pa.—During a dispute over baseball someone said that a ball could be thrown which would curve in two directions, in and out, drop and out, namely, a double shoot, as the party called it?.....Never saw it done.

Frank, Astoria, L. I.—In a baseball game of nine innings, one side makes one more run than the other. Does this not count and give the game to the side making the run. The score previous to this run was 9 to 9?.....It generally does.

C. E. D., Florence, Mass.—If bets F \$100 to \$75 that H can defeat F in a game of ball; if the game was a tie, does F win? A bets B that the H team defeats the F team 2 to 1; the score was 1 to 0; does A win?.....L. Yes, on a technical point. 2. Yes.

A. R. McL., Norfolk, Va.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? Did Terry McGovern fight George Dixon as a featherweight? Is McGovern still a featherweight? Who was the first champion of the world after Mace?.....1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Bob Fitzsimmons.

Subscriber, Granite, Mont.—Give me the address of some firm that deals in gymnasium goods? What is the record for a standing broad jump, without weights? Could you give me the address of Joe Acton, the wrestler?.....1. POLICE GAZETTE can get you anything you require. 2. Twelve feet 2 3/4 inches. 3. Portland, Ore.

W. H. E., Foreman, Ark.—Ashdown and Paracifla played six and one-half innings of ball when the game was called on account of rain. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of Paracifla, who also had the advantage of the odd half inning at the bat, but no runs were made after the fifth inning. It rained for an hour and then Ashdown wanted to play but Paracifla claimed the grounds were too wet. The umpire said the grounds were too muddy but failed to give the game to Paracifla or make any decision. Paracifla claim they win the bets, as over five innings had been played and as it rained so long they would not have had to

play even if told by the umpire, but as he did not even tell them to play it did not become necessary for him to award them the game, and his failing to do so is not necessary to collect the bets. Ashdown claims it should not be called a game and the bets don't go on account of the umpire not making a decision. If it rains half an hour after "time" has been called, the game must be "called," according to the rules. The game you mention goes back to even innings (6), and Paracifla wins 6 to 4.

E. B. P., Louisville, Ga.—In a baseball game there was a runner on second base; a batter went to the bat; he was holding his bat on his shoulder; the pitcher threw the ball, the batter dodged and the ball just grazed his bat and went on to foul ground behind the home plate; the question is was that a dead ball or a passed ball; if it was a dead ball the runner on second base could not have gone to third, but if it was a passed ball he could and did make third base. Which was it?.....Whenever a pitched ball touches the batter's bat it is always a "foul," and no bases can be had on it, except after a fly catch. In the play you mention the runner should have been sent back to second. It made no difference that the batter dodged the ball, it was foul just the same.

BURGO BOBS UP AGAIN.

George Rogers, of Hastings, was knocked out by Walter Burgo, of Boston, in the third round of a contest that was to have lasted fifteen rounds, at Barnesboro, Pa., on Sept. 24.

It was spirited while it lasted, both men working hard. In the first round there was a lively exchange of rights and lefts, with honors even. In the second Burgo landed a left hook on Rogers' jaw, which sent him to the floor for a count of nine. He arose and both men were fighting hard when the round closed. Burgo started after his opponent in the third round, and with a well-directed right-hand body punch knocked Rogers out. He remained unconscious for ten minutes.

EDWARDS THROWN.

John Piening, the "Butcher Boy," who was meeting all comers at the Star Theatre, Brooklyn, last week, was compelled to utilize all his skill and strength in a fifteen-minute bout under Graeco-Roman rules against Billy Edwards of Harlem. Edwards was the first to go down, but although John applied hold after hold he failed to dislodge Edwards.

After the first five minutes Edwards began to show signs of fatigue, but he pluckily held his ground. Although the skin of both his elbows was grazed and he was bleeding from the nose, Edwards was gritty and would not yield.

Finally at the thirteenth minute in a burst of unexpected speed Piening corralled Edwards' left arm for a firm hammer lock and threw his man. The time was 13 minutes and 25 seconds. Both men were exhausted.

GOT A GOOD PICTURE?

Send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication in half-tone.

LOST ON A FOUL; HIT REFEREE.

Billy Payne, of Philadelphia, lost a twelve-round fight to "Twin" Sullivan, of Boston, at Bangor, Me., Sept. 22, on a foul in the seventh round. Sullivan slipped and fell to his knees, and Payne struck him on the head while he was in that position. After the decision Payne attempted to assault the referee, but he was pulled back to his corner by men who jumped through the ropes. The fight was easily Sullivan's after the third round. Payne was knocked down twice and was forced to the ropes repeatedly.

JENNINGS KNOCKED OUT LARRY.

Chas. Jennings knocked out Jack Larry, of Williamsport, in the fourth round of a six-round bout before the Art Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24. While the mill lasted it was fast and exciting. Larry having the better of it. In the second round, he floored Jennings twice, with right swings, the bell coming to his rescue in time to save a knockout. In the next round, the Williamsport man failed to follow up his advantage, and gave Jennings time to regain some of his lost strength. In the fourth round Jennings changed his tactics, and by rushing Larry caught him off his guard. He was floored by a right hander, and when he got to his feet he was so dazed that Jennings had little trouble downing him again with a right to the jaw. But Larry was game and struggled to his feet at the count of nine, only to go down again with a terrible right swing to the jaw. To the surprise of every one, he got to his feet again, but went down again instantly on receipt of Jennings' left to the jaw. That brought the mill to a close, the victory to Jennings.

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Photo by Masterson Port Jervis, N. Y.

L.D. GEISENHEIMER.

The Jovial Owner of the Clarendon Hotel at Port Jervis, N. Y.

do a great deal more than we ask you to do, wouldn't you?

How many men are there working behind bars at the present day who can make \$75 in three weeks?

Very few.

The medal will go to a man who writes a recipe for the best drink.

Easy, isn't it?

You, who are familiar with drinks and who know the tastes of men, ought to go after this prize.

If you win, you'll not only get the medal, but you'll be a champion.

That's something.

Above all remember that it costs you absolutely nothing to try.

Just cut this little slip out and keep it before you. See which one of the following prizes falls to your lot.

They are all worth winning.

Nothing cheap about them.

First prize and championship for 1902, a Beautiful Gold Medal, costing \$75.00.

Second prize—\$25.00 in gold.

Third prize—\$15.00 in gold.

Fourth prize—\$10.00 in gold.

Even the fourth prize is worth keeping an eye on.

Mr. Fox wants every bartender of brains and ability in America to compete in this annual competition.

By bartenders he means every man who mixes a drink.

There are no reservations. Everything is open.

Don't think that it is necessary to arrange an elaborate concoction.

A very simple affair took the medal and the championship last year.

The same thing is liable to happen again.

Remember that all of the recipes will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

That is for your benefit.

We do not need to tell you that if for no other reason this paper is worth twice as much to you as any other paper published.

It will also print news concerning you and your business if you will send it in.

Buy the GAZETTE from the newsdealer or subscribe, whichever you like, but if you consult your own interests you will always have it on your bar.

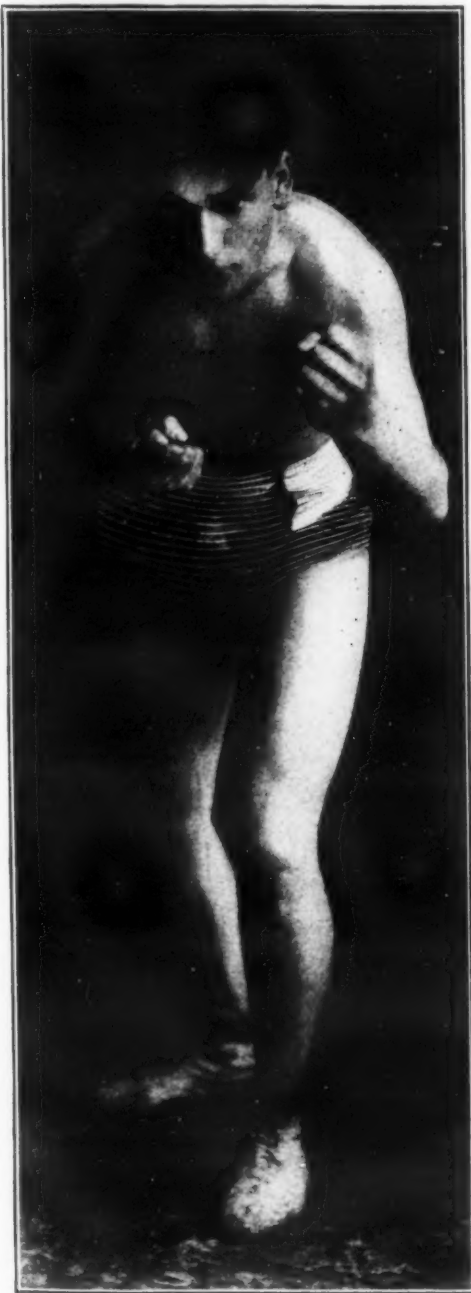


Photo by Gore Milwaukee

WILLIE GREEN.

A 126-pound Boxer of Milwaukee, Wis., Ready For All Comers.

and another have each won five games and lost one, so they agreed to play off tie. Previous to the tie game being played off, A claims money and protests his money going on outcome of the game. In play off X wins. B claims money because X wins the tie game. A claims money because X did not win, but tied during the scheduled number of games. Who wins?.....A wins wager on the original play.

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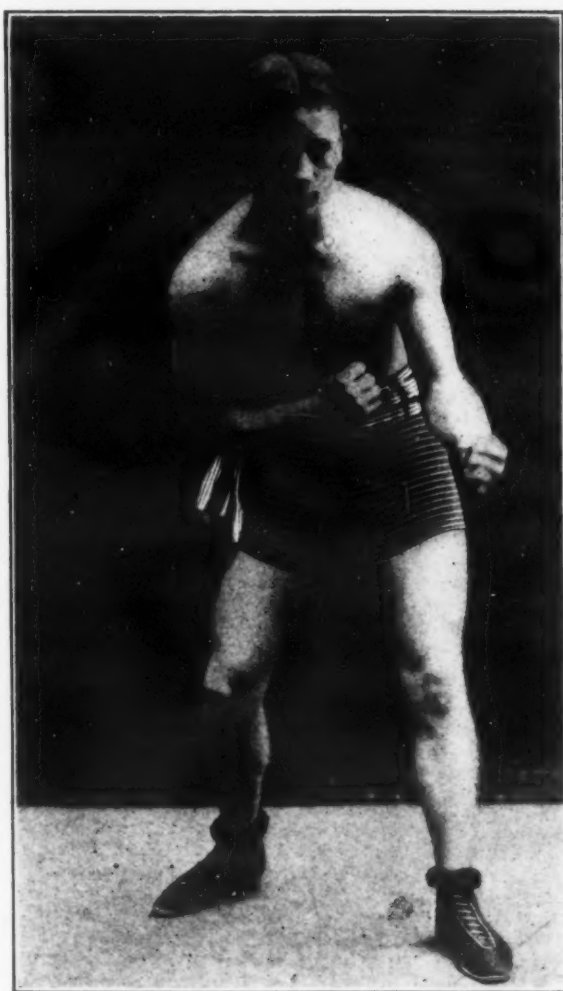
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BOXERS AND WRESTLERS WHO BELONG TO THE SOUTH BROADWAY ATHLETIC CLUB OF ST. LOUIS,
MO., AND WHO ARE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORT.



JACK DALY.

HE BELONGS IN ELIZABETH, N. J.,
AND FIGHTS AT 122 POUNDS.



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"KID" ADAMS OF JERSEY CITY READY
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AT HOME ON THE DIAMOND.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE SHERWOOD BASEBALL CLUB
OF BUFFALO, N. Y.



DAVE SULLIVAN.

THE INTREPID LITTLE IRISHMAN WHO HAS BEEN MATCHED TO MEET BENNY YANGER,
THE STURDY WESTERNER, AT CHICAGO, ILL., ON OCTOBER 28.

BARBERS OF PROMINENCE

Fasullo Antoneno, a Well Known Tonsorialist of Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fasullo Antoneno is employed at De Bell Brothers Tonsorial Establishment, 1097 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, and has many friends in that section of the city. He is a clever musician and an all around good fellow.

DUPUYTREN'S POMADE.

Twelve ounces prepared beef marrow; melt by gentle heat; add four ounces Bismarck Nerval; three ounces Balsam of Peru; three ounces Oil of Almonds; mix thoroughly and add thirty-six grains of Cantharides, which has been dissolved in three fluid drachms of rectified spirit; stir until the mass concretes. This recipe is highly esteemed as a hair cosmetic, which acts by medicating the scalp. In using, the head should be washed daily or every other day with soap and water and the pomade applied daily, with friction.

BOXING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Billy Maharg and Sammy Smith were the principals in an interesting battle at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Sept. 25. Smith was the taller of the two, and with his unusually long left he was looked upon by the knowing ones around the ringside to have an excellent chance of jabbing Maharg almost to a standstill. Maharg had a slight advantage in weight, despite his short stature, and by persistent boring in and mixing it whenever the opportunity offered he managed to escape most of Sammy's lefts and incidentally land quite a few lefts and rights that had his clever opponent worried on more than one occasion.

Billy was the aggressor in the majority of the rounds, as he was invariably the starter of the number of hot mixups that characterized the last four rounds. Smith's most effective blow was his left jab and a right to the body when in the clinches.

Maharg accompanied his rushing tactics with a chopping left that frequently landed with a resounding swat on Smith's jaw, and he also landed repeatedly a hard right on the body.

Smith had the best of the first round by reason of his left jabs. The second favored neither one, but Billy had an advantage at the conclusion of the third. The fourth belonged to Maharg, while the fifth was a toss up. Smith evened up things in the last round by fast boxing.

Johnny White, a small edition of Joe Walcott, added another victim to his already long list by copping Johnny Eagan on the right spot in the fourth round.

Four bouts were decided in the preliminaries. Vernon Campbell and "Shadow" Morris went six rounds to a draw in the opening bout. Jack Ashton and "Blink" McCloskey made a draw of it. "Kid" Stein had the best of "Fish" Morris. Jimmy Hill landed a terrific punch on George Krall's solar plexus and the bout terminated then and there. Bud Todd outfought three other negroes in the battle royal.

NEITHER WRESTLER COULD WIN.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Sept. 24, Harry Wiley and Max Lutberg, of New York, tumbled and tussled for two and a half hours, neither being able to gain a fall. They got to work at about 9:30 o'clock and from that time until the contest was declared a draw, at midnight, matters were lively. They will shortly be matched to meet again to a finish.

WILLIE LEWIS WON.

At New Britain, Conn., on Sept. 25, Willie Lewis, of New York, received the decision over Mosey King, of New London, Conn. Lewis had all the best of the battle after the ninth round and had King all but out at the end of the twenty rounds.

In the preliminaries "Shorty" Gans, colored, of Hartford, got the decision over Harry Duffy, of Springfield, in the second round of an eight round bout.

"Kid" Gleason, of New Britain, knocked out Pete Drago, of Hartford, in the first round of about scheduled for eight rounds.

AMERICAN BOXER WON.

Billy Barrett, the New York pugilist, defeated Harry Chamberlain, of London, in a fifteen-round battle at Liverpool, England, on Sept. 25. The contest went the limit and the American received the decision on points having the Englishman outclassed as far as cleverness went, but was unable to deliver a knockout punch.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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BROOKLYN STRONG BOY AGAIN.

How He Made Liney Tracey Take to His Buggy and Drive Off.

Everybody interested in pugilism back in the '90's will remember Jack Fallon, Brooklyn's famous "Strong Boy," who was always good enough to be a trial horse for ambitious heavyweights, and in that capacity tried fighting with Peter Maher, John L. Sullivan and many others more or less famous. Fallon forsook the flat arena some years ago and joined the Brooklyn police force, where he has served with considerable distinction until the other night, when he was set upon and beat unmercifully by a couple of thugs whom he was trying single handed to "jug" to the "cooler." That he was worsted even in such a contest was a big surprise to those familiar with Fallon's strength and ability to take care of himself in a physical contest.

About twelve years ago Fallon was at the height of his popularity as a fighter. Liney Tracey, who once "put on the gloves" with and more recently trained John L. Sullivan, and who also enjoyed some renown as a boxer, was employed in 1890 as a keeper in the Kings County Penitentiary. Tracey was one of the managers of the exhibition that introduced Fallon to the public, and for some reason or other had blood sprung up between the two men. The ill-feeling was attributed to various causes.

One afternoon in the summer of 1890 the belligerent pugilists narrowly escaped a violent battle in the street. Fallon was standing opposite a liquor saloon which he then conducted in the Twenty-fourth Ward, when Tracey drove up in a light wagon. He stopped in front of the saloon, alighted and saluted Fallon.

"Don't you speak to me," Fallon ejaculated. "I don't know you."

"Oh, come down off your perch," Tracey replied. "You don't scare me a little bit."

"Say, Tracey," Fallon rejoined, angrily, "let's settle this difficulty right here. You ain't afraid of me, and I think I can wipe the sidewalk with you, so let's have it out. I'll bet you five cents or \$5—take your choice—that I can lick you in five minutes. I'll put the money up and fight you right here, or I'll go back of my saloon."

Tracey was evidently not disposed to fight. At least he ignored the challenge and began to expostulate with his former protege. Fallon refused to listen to him, and finally shaking his clenched hand in Tracey's face, said, emphatically:

"I'll give you two minutes to get in your wagon and drive off. If you haven't disappeared in that time there'll be bother right here."

Fallon turned a deaf ear to Tracey's further remonstrances, and intently watched the minute hand of his watch. Before the specified time was up, Tracey had vanished in a cloud of dust down the road. There were several eyewitnesses to the scene, and Tracey's chagrin can better be imagined than described. The circumstance furnished lots of material for talk among the sporting fraternity, and despite the disparity in their ages—Tracey being old enough to be Fallon's father—the friends of the former for long afterwards tried to joke him into going into training, with the view of settling the difficulty in the ring. They told Tracey that his science would more than counteract Fallon's strength and youth, but the men never came together.

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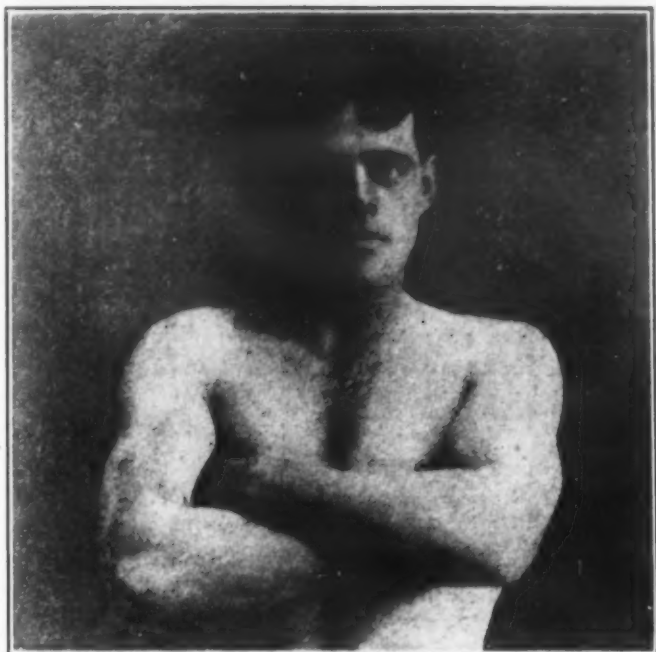
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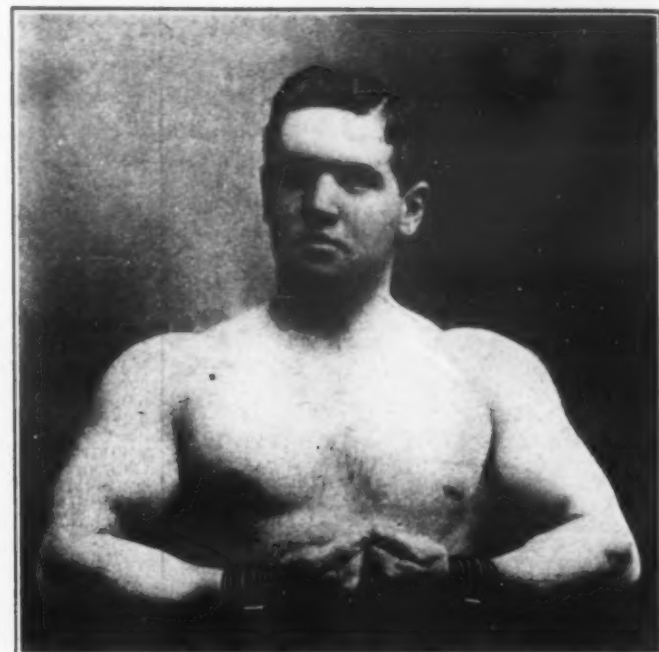
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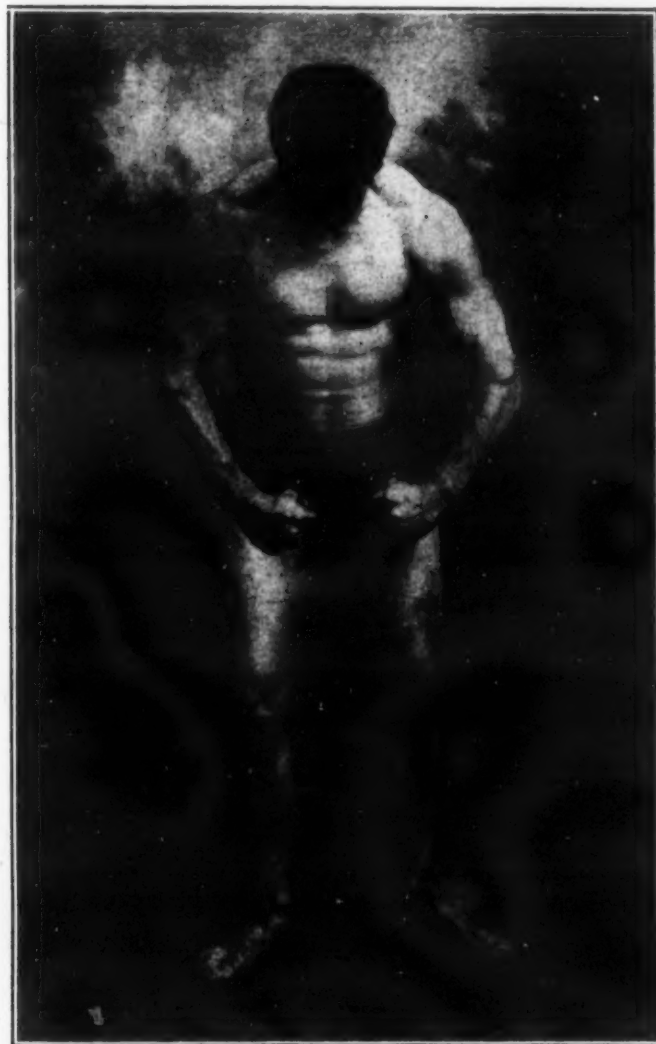
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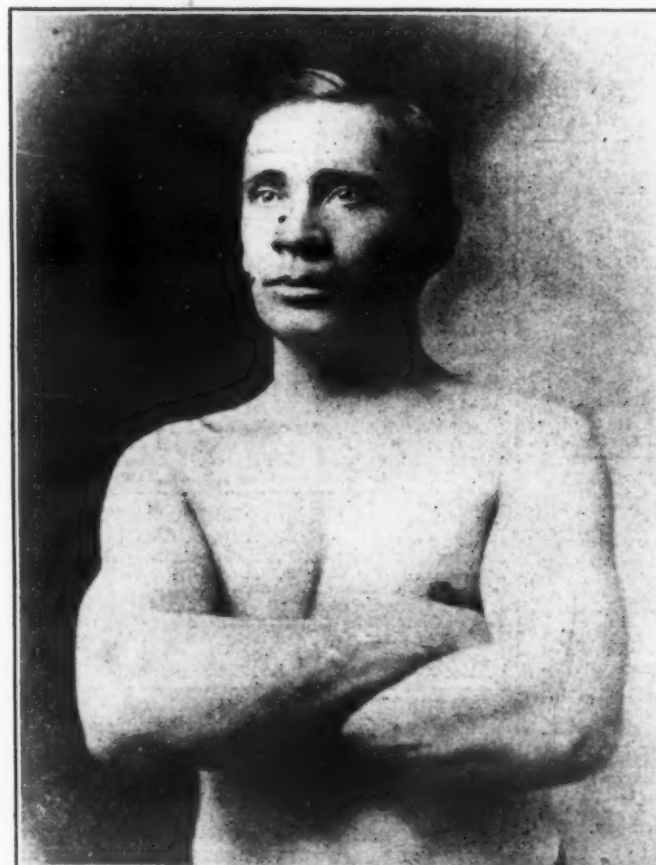
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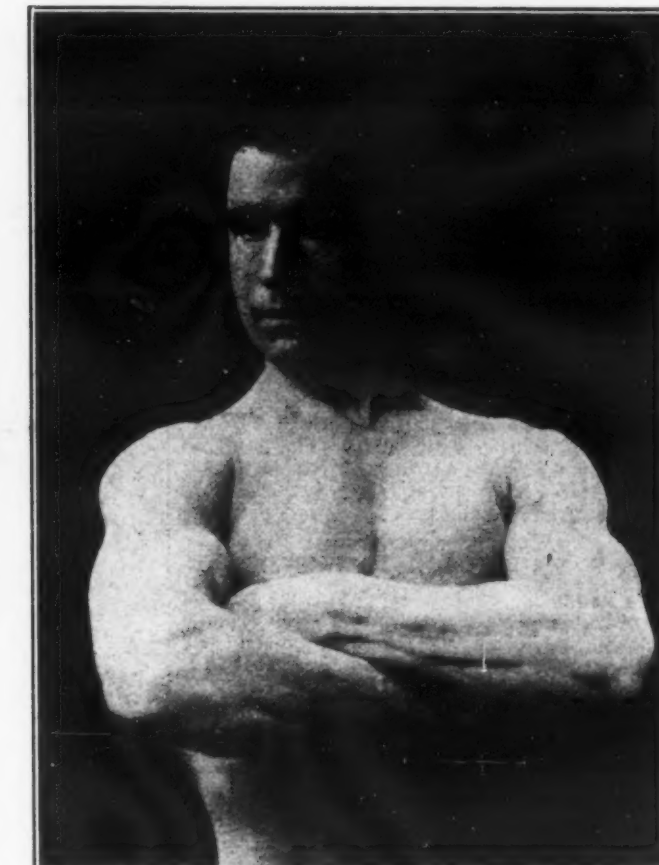
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